

HARVEY KURTZMAN'S

# HELP!

THE NEW SERIES

15¢

35¢  
MARCH 1961 NO. 9 NOV

HUGH  
DOWNS  
AT  
WORK

ARNOLD ROTH  
THROUGH BERLIN  
GEORGE KIRGO  
IN THE STREET  
WILL ELDER  
ON A MOUNTAIN



... Don't get  
the feeling  
that the whole  
world's against  
you? "I."





Don't count  
on me. I've  
never had a thing  
to do with  
this!







## EDITOR'S PREFACE

If Jack Paar thinks he has become a force in America, he's right. Witness Hugh Downs on our cover and George Kengo on pages 2 and 23, two nice people we might never have met had they not been brought into our living rooms by the Tonight Show.

### COVER STORY

Actually, our cover is a 35-year-old photo. After an early evening taping of the Paar Show, Hugh Downs came over to our photographer's studio with his fifteen-year-old son, H. R. Downs. That's his name, H. R. And that's his hat on the cover, lower right.



H.R. Downs, Center, Hugh Downs, Right

### BERLIN

For our second "over-the-ice assignment" we commissioned cartoonist Arnold Roth to inspect the lone Curtiss in East and West Berlin. Roth, who draws the syndicated comic strip, "Pete Arnold's Almanac", took a look at this phenomenon (try imagining a boundary drawn between, say, the East Side and West Side of New York), and came up with some grumpy revealing observations about the big historical problems involved with pop-art porno movies.



Cartoon by Arnold Roth

Book (right) by Roth

### GRAND IRAN

This month's feature (see page 43) was shot on location, and we have the children in poem 2. We were engaged in chasing the sudden pre-Christmas clip of year for our all-day outdoor shopping session at the C County Shopping Center in Yonkers, New York.

Between shots, everybody — present cast plus Ed Korman, Assistant General, and Photographer Herb Isidori together in the studio wagon, drinking coffee and coffee and each other. Cold weather certainly has its charms.



**Biographically speaking,** Jack has been, at various times, a child, a larger child, a musician, a moon-passer and a Creative Consultant and Art Advisor for our larger Advertising Agencies. His ambition in life is to buy a new bedroom. That's what it says on the back of his book. If you want to know what it says inside, buy it.

100

**Abstract**

C. Lawrence D. Hanks, Jr.  
Allentown,  
Pennsylvania

**Abstract**

David C. Brown, Editor  
 10000 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1000  
 Beverly Hills, CA 90210

The national report shows that  
other party votes, mostly, are



**Paul R. Foss**

01-24 (Continued) - 10/10/77, 11/10/77, 12/10/77, 1/10/78, 2/10/78, 3/10/78, 4/10/78, 5/10/78, 6/10/78, 7/10/78, 8/10/78, 9/10/78, 10/10/78, 11/10/78, 12/10/78, 1/10/79, 2/10/79, 3/10/79, 4/10/79, 5/10/79, 6/10/79, 7/10/79, 8/10/79, 9/10/79, 10/10/79, 11/10/79, 12/10/79, 1/10/80, 2/10/80, 3/10/80, 4/10/80, 5/10/80, 6/10/80, 7/10/80, 8/10/80, 9/10/80, 10/10/80, 11/10/80, 12/10/80, 1/10/81, 2/10/81, 3/10/81, 4/10/81, 5/10/81, 6/10/81, 7/10/81, 8/10/81, 9/10/81, 10/10/81, 11/10/81, 12/10/81, 1/10/82, 2/10/82, 3/10/82, 4/10/82, 5/10/82, 6/10/82, 7/10/82, 8/10/82, 9/10/82, 10/10/82, 11/10/82, 12/10/82, 1/10/83, 2/10/83, 3/10/83, 4/10/83, 5/10/83, 6/10/83, 7/10/83, 8/10/83, 9/10/83, 10/10/83, 11/10/83, 12/10/83, 1/10/84, 2/10/84, 3/10/84, 4/10/84, 5/10/84, 6/10/84, 7/10/84, 8/10/84, 9/10/84, 10/10/84, 11/10/84, 12/10/84, 1/10/85, 2/10/85, 3/10/85, 4/10/85, 5/10/85, 6/10/85, 7/10/85, 8/10/85, 9/10/85, 10/10/85, 11/10/85, 12/10/85, 1/10/86, 2/10/86, 3/10/86, 4/10/86, 5/10/86, 6/10/86, 7/10/86, 8/10/86, 9/10/86, 10/10/86, 11/10/86, 12/10/86, 1/10/87, 2/10/87, 3/10/87, 4/10/87, 5/10/87, 6/10/87, 7/10/87, 8/10/87, 9/10/87, 10/10/87, 11/10/87, 12/10/87, 1/10/88, 2/10/88, 3/10/88, 4/10/88, 5/10/88, 6/10/88, 7/10/88, 8/10/88, 9/10/88, 10/10/88, 11/10/88, 12/10/88, 1/10/89, 2/10/89, 3/10/89, 4/10/89, 5/10/89, 6/10/89, 7/10/89, 8/10/89, 9/10/89, 10/10/89, 11/10/89, 12/10/89, 1/10/90, 2/10/90, 3/10/90, 4/10/90, 5/10/90, 6/10/90, 7/10/90, 8/10/90, 9/10/90, 10/10/90, 11/10/90, 12/10/90, 1/10/91, 2/10/91, 3/10/91, 4/10/91, 5/10/91, 6/10/91, 7/10/91, 8/10/91, 9/10/91, 10/10/91, 11/10/91, 12/10/91, 1/10/92, 2/10/92, 3/10/92, 4/10/92, 5/10/92, 6/10/92, 7/10/92, 8/10/92, 9/10/92, 10/10/92, 11/10/92, 12/10/92, 1/10/93, 2/10/93, 3/10/93, 4/10/93, 5/10/93, 6/10/93, 7/10/93, 8/10/93, 9/10/93, 10/10/93, 11/10/93, 12/10/93, 1/10/94, 2/10/94, 3/10/94, 4/10/94, 5/10/94, 6/10/94, 7/10/94, 8/10/94, 9/10/94, 10/10/94, 11/10/94, 12/10/94, 1/10/95, 2/10/95, 3/10/95, 4/10/95, 5/10/95, 6/10/95, 7/10/95, 8/10/95, 9/10/95, 10/10/95, 11/10/95, 12/10/95, 1/10/96, 2/10/96, 3/10/96, 4/10/96, 5/10/96, 6/10/96, 7/10/96, 8/10/96, 9/10/96, 10/10/96, 11/10/96, 12/10/96, 1/10/97, 2/10/97, 3/10/97, 4/10/97, 5/10/97, 6/10/97, 7/10/97, 8/10/97, 9/10/97, 10/10/97, 11/10/97, 12/10/97, 1/10/98, 2/10/98, 3/10/98, 4/10/98, 5/10/98, 6/10/98, 7/10/98, 8/10/98, 9/10/98, 10/10/98, 11/10/98, 12/10/98, 1/10/99, 2/10/99, 3/10/99, 4/10/99, 5/10/99, 6/10/99, 7/10/99, 8/10/99, 9/10/99, 10/10/99, 11/10/99, 12/10/99, 1/10/00, 2/10/00, 3/10/00, 4/10/00, 5/10/00, 6/10/00, 7/10/00, 8/10/00, 9/10/00, 10/10/00, 11/10/00, 12/10/00, 1/10/01, 2/10/01, 3/10/01, 4/10/01, 5/10/01, 6/10/01, 7/10/01, 8/10/01, 9/10/01, 10/10/01, 11/10/01, 12/10/01, 1/10/02, 2/10/02, 3/10/02, 4/10/02, 5/10/02, 6/10/02, 7/10/02, 8/10/02, 9/10/02, 10/10/02, 11/10/02, 12/10/02, 1/10/03, 2/10/03, 3/10/03, 4/10/03, 5/10/03, 6/10/03, 7/10/03, 8/10/03, 9/10/03, 10/10/03, 11/10/03, 12/10/03, 1/10/04, 2/10/04, 3/10/04, 4/10/04, 5/10/04, 6/10/04, 7/10/04, 8/10/04, 9/10/04, 10/10/04, 11/10/04, 12/10/04, 1/10/05, 2/10/05, 3/10/05, 4/10/05, 5/10/05, 6/10/05, 7/10/05, 8/10/05, 9/10/05, 10/10/05, 11/10/05, 12/10/05, 1/10/06, 2/10/06, 3/10/06, 4/10/06, 5/10/06, 6/10/06, 7/10/06, 8/10/06, 9/10/06, 10/10/06, 11/10/06, 12/10/06, 1/10/07, 2/10/07, 3/10/07, 4/10/07, 5/10/07, 6/10/07, 7/10/07, 8/10/07, 9/10/07, 10/10/07, 11/10/07, 12/10/07, 1/10/08, 2/10/08, 3/10/08, 4/10/08, 5/10/08, 6/10/08, 7/10/08, 8/10/08, 9/10/08, 10/10/08, 11/10/08, 12/10/08, 1/10/09, 2/10/09, 3/10/09, 4/10/09, 5/10/09, 6/10/09, 7/10/09, 8/10/09, 9/10/09, 10/10/09, 11/10/09, 12/10/09, 1/10/10, 2/10/10, 3/10/10, 4/10/10, 5/10/10, 6/10/10, 7/10/10, 8/10/10, 9/10/10, 10/10/10, 11/10/10, 12/10/10, 1/10/11, 2/10/11, 3/10/11, 4/10/11, 5/10/11, 6/10/11, 7/10/11, 8/10/11, 9/10/11, 10/10/11, 11/10/11, 12/10/11, 1/10/12, 2/10/12, 3/10/12, 4/10/12, 5/10/12, 6/10/12, 7/10/12, 8/10/12, 9/10/12, 10/10/12, 11/10/12, 12/10/12, 1/10/13, 2/10/13, 3/10/13, 4/10/13, 5/10/13, 6/10/13, 7/10/13, 8/10/13, 9/10/13, 10/10/13, 11/10/13, 12/10/13, 1/10/14, 2/10/14, 3/10/14, 4/10/14, 5/10/14, 6/10/14, 7/1

All I know is  
we were sent here by  
Dag Hammarskjöld!



#### LETTERS continued

**It seems my wife has lost the second third of picture of coffee parties received for her and when I received letter she said a girl friend of her's was missing her too. When I opened the door POW! BANG!**

Ned N. Frey  
Orlando, Florida

#### MADAM KUTTERPLY

I don't get the ads on page 44 either, until I found printed one in the paper this time. I was reading of Pakistan, the 16, receive, you Pakistan of "Madam Kutterply"

David Thompson  
Charlotte, N. C.



Pakistan 16

I found the person and caption on page 44 of your little ad very vulgar, obscene and too funny in any way, shape or form.

Dorothy Fowler

Idaho

#### POSTS CORNER

I would rather be an artist who contributes to NGLP than as a writer stated Portman. NGLP gets right down to the gut of things. It's not, as the staff said when he saw the body of the last man dying from the war (back in 1945).

With the stupid like people of Iran in Iraq, it goes round which is just round which is silly. And pictures showed images of pornography. With, unfortunately, compare the confusion of messages. Even in reality, not with a good deal of difficulty. NGLP helps in clarifying the situation, and in Fd rather help on my way.

The concept of being in NGLP in preference to spending a

Good Housekeeping.  
But I think  
New York, N.Y.

**EDITOR**  
My favorite section is the



Karen's Image

Karen? After being the last one I probably want one and make my own.

Jim Rock  
New York City

Another thing is the lack of the last-est.

So, unfortunately with you "Karen" that's all I can say

get on page shows those of the January 1989. The 11 was a paragraph they asked me.

Carl Barrett  
Hartford, Conn



Karen's

#### KILLS

The people will see the greatest part of the message. Missions that Atlanta 16, Georgia Fd King using more 100.

Please address all mail to NGLP, Attention: Department 1, 143 Park Ave N Y 17, N Y





What will  
the guard you know,  
you feel.

# THE SHOCK OF RECOGNITION



George Kirgo (and Woody)

Owing to circumstances beyond my control (I'm on the TV show a lot), I have become what is known as a public face. That is to say, chances are that if I stand on a street corner for any length of time somebody is bound to recognize me. It's true. Of course it helps if the corner is Broadway and 42nd Street. And if I stand there during the lunch hour. For at least an hour or two. And if an old friend happens to come along, and we are standing there waiting for somebody to recognize me.

Such is the power of television. Oh, maybe I'm not recognized the way a John F. Kennedy is, or a Nelson Rockefeller, or an Elizabeth Taylor—or some other big show business personality. My face isn't *that* public. Yet the day doesn't pass but that a perfect stranger stops me on the street and says, "Hey, aren't you what-I-is-some?"

Many public faces claim they have been recognized. Some insist modestly in a more request for an autograph. I won't count noses but I've heard that a certain Academy Award-winning actor (M—- B—-) will rip off your T-shirt if you so much as speak to him. A prominent actress whom I'll call B—- M—- is equally fierce. She'll rip off her own T-shirt.

Not me. I'll be frank with you. I resent not being recog-

nized. If a full day goes by and not a single perfect stranger has recognized me, I'll snap out and insist on his doing so. Even if he's never seen me before.

You see, the business of recognition is like a disease. Once you've been recognized you can't stop. You've got to keep being recognized. You can't get enough of it. You've got to be recognized or—what? It's a mystery on your face.

Take dark glasses. Now I'm the kind of human being who can't stand having things on his body. I mean, bodily unobscured. Like waffles and sandwiches and other such weights. Don't ask me why (amateur psychologists fix me in front of, what?). That's the way it is. I have a weak, it's at home in a drawer. I don't wear rings or carry good tank neckties. I don't even wear an ankle bracelet.

But you'll rarely see me without my dark glasses. I despise dark glasses. They hang heavy on my sensitive ears. They brace the bridge of my nose. They hamper my vision even. Let them. I've discovered that without dark glasses you just don't get recognized.

And that's why so many public faces wear the things. Don't let them tell you anything different. "Wig, I know of one oldsm—- in a store, mainly—who not only wears dark glasses—he wears dark contact lenses!"

All right, you know the worst. I enjoy being recognized by perfect strangers. It's a cheap thrill, but a thrill nevertheless. There are reasons for my glasses, I'm sure—deep-rooted reasons like exhibitionism, insecurity, hostility with a hint of English on it. This is not the place for such probing. Besides, I dislike amateur psychologists even when they're me.

Before you condemn me, however, for desiring such joy from what is, at best, a meaningless experience, consider this:

Maybe I enjoy being recognized simply because, until recently, I've never been recognized. I mean, at all.

Like when I was about ten years old, my father was taken seriously ill (the depression) and had to be hospitalized for several months. When the time came for him





in return home, my mother was apprehensive. As my age, after so long a separation, would I recognize my father?

As it turned out, I had no trouble. The answer he was wheeled into the lobby, I spotted him. But he didn't recognize me.

It's been that way ever since. My face is extremely forgettable and consequently my life has been largely composed of shattering moments caused by non-recognition. Every time I entered the house my mother used to scream: she didn't recognize me. I think that's why she used to scream.

Anyway, that's one explanation. I don't ask for forgiveness or even sympathy. Just understanding.

Believe me, I don't really like to be recognized, or being stopped by perfect strangers. It's a situation fraught with peril. Once, while strolling in Midtown, I was pleased to note that virtually everybody was recognizing me. Pleased but rather surprised since this was one of those rare occasions when I wasn't wearing my dark glasses (they were at the dentist). I was also struck by the fact that these people (or miscreants, as they are known in the trade) all seemed to be suffering from some strange sort of imagination. Although they were genuinely looking at me, their eyes were focused a bit to the right of and beyond my public face. Suddenly I occurred to me that too many of them were recognizing me and too many of them had eye trouble. That's what, I turned and



recognized the public face of Jack Benny.

If you plan to become a public face, be prepared for this possibility. In New York public faces are common. Other celebrities who have walked behind me include Harry Belafonte, Salome Blackmore, Sherry Trotter (the passed one), Phil Silvers, Jester Cooper, G. Monroe Williams, John Mays, Greta Garbo, and, twice, Myrna Loy.

Another time, late for an appointment, I rushed from the house, having barely finished dressing. Normally I might bring stopped by perfect strangers and leaving their perfectly strange notes on literature, television, and international affairs, but, early as I was, I hoped to avoid such encounters. I peered through the screen of the cry (I always walk since that's the best way to be recognized) without incident, (but of course has nothing more) until I was at destination's door. And then I was observed by an elderly gentleman whose broad smile informed that he would have stood with me. As he related me, I thought: "Probably retired. Lots of time to kill. Wants to know if it's true about Miss Guggenheim and Charley Weaver. Wants to know if his grandson who plays the trombone can get on the show. Wants to know



If it's okay to use a ball-point pen to write a book."

But as the elderly gentleman explained himself before me, I said to myself: "So you'll be late. So what? This is the price one pays when one has a public face. It's your own fault, anyway. If you'd get up when you were supposed to, you wouldn't have had to rush from the house, having barely finished dressing."

So I extended my hand to the elderly gentleman and was about to confirm his suspicion that I was what his name. The elderly gentleman ignored my hand, however, and asked me nothing. Instead he informed me, with a pleasant disinterested glance, that I hadn't quite finished dressing. And, having performed this kindness for a perfect stranger (me), he moved on.

I'm sure all of you have had similar experiences and you can imagine how I felt. Regrettably still, I had some enough to close my eyes so I would not be seen, and, as unfortunately as possible, I finished dressing, there in Rockefeller Center.

Today, my motto is short and double-check. I believe that when one has a public face it is incumbent upon one to insure the privacy of one's other companions. In fact, shouldn't everybody?

# help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to the Public Gallery and pay a standard \$200 fee upon receipt of your work. We'll publish the best work in the gallery. We'll also place the work in the gallery. We'll also place the work in the gallery. We'll also place the work in the gallery.



W. H. H. H.

THE NEW ORLEANS



THE NEW ORLEANS

THE NEW ORLEANS



THE NEW ORLEANS

THE NEW ORLEANS



"WELL?"



"WELL, HE'S DEAD!"



"WELL, HE'S DEAD!"

EDWARD WOODLEY



"WELL, HE'S DEAD!"

EDWARD WOODLEY



"WELL, HE'S DEAD!"

EDWARD WOODLEY



"WELL, HE'S DEAD!"

EDWARD WOODLEY



"WELL, HE'S DEAD!"

EDWARD WOODLEY



1914 1914



1914 1914



# The Crystal Egg

by H. G. Wells

*Chance directed him into the shop. The dirty little place was impenetrably black except in one spot, where he perceived an unusual glow of light. Approaching this, he discovered it to be the crystal egg.*



ILLUSTRATION BY J. H. B. HARRIS

There was, until a year ago, a little and very grimy-looking shop near Seven Dials, over which, in weather-worn yellow lettering, the name of "C. Cave, Jeweller and Dealer in Antiquities," was inscribed. The contents of its window were curiously varied. They comprised some antique tools and an important set of chessmen, boards and weapons; a box of toys, two stools of wicker and one bamboo, several moth-eaten stuffed monkeys (one holding a lamp), an old-fashioned cabinet, a fly-bitten wicker eggcase, some fishing-rods, and a considerably dirty, empty glass fish-bowl. There was also, in the corner of the story height, a man of crystal, worked into the shape of an egg and brilliantly polished. And at that two people, who stood outside the window, were looking, one of them a tall, thin dogman, the other a black-headed young man of dusky complexion and unobtrusive costume. The dusky young man spoke with eager politeness, and seemed anxious for his companion to purchase the article.

While they were doing, Mr. Cave came into his shop, he heard still wagging with the head and hump of his nose. When he saw these men and the aspect of their regard, his countenance fell. He glanced quickly over his shoulder, and softly shut the door. He was a little old man, with pale face and peculiar watery blue eyes; his hair was a dirty grey, and he wore a slightly blue frock-coat, an uncut silk hat, and silver slippers very much down at heel. He continued watching the two men as they talked. The dogman went deep into his trouser pocket, examined a handful of money, and showed his teeth in an appreciable smile. Mr. Cave seemed still more depressed when they rose and the shop.

The dogman, without any ceremony, asked the price of the crystal egg. Mr. Cave glanced apologetically towards

the door leading into the parlour, and said five pounds. The dogman protested that the price was high, to his companion as well as to Mr. Cave—it was, indeed, very much more than Mr. Cave had intended to ask, when he had stocked the article—and an attempt at bargaining ensued. Mr. Cave stepped to the shop-door, and held it open. "Five pounds is my price," he said, in though he wished to save himself the trouble of explicable discussion. As he did so, the upper portion of a woman's face appeared above the blind in the glass upper part of the door leading into the parlour, and stared curiously at the two customers. "Five pounds is my price," said Mr. Cave, with a quiver in his voice.

The seventh young man had so far remained a spectator, watching Cave keenly. Now he spoke. "Give him five pounds," he said. The dogman glanced at him to see if he were in earnest, and, when he looked at Mr. Cave again, he saw that the latter's face was white. "It's a lot of money," said the dogman, and, diving into his pocket, began counting his resources. He had little more than dirty shillings, and he appealed to his companion, with whom he seemed to be on terms of considerable intimacy. This gave Mr. Cave an opportunity of collecting his thoughts, and he began to explain in an agitated manner that the crystal was not, as a matter of fact, entirely true for sale. His two customers were naturally surprised at this, and argued why he had not thought of this before he began to bargain. Mr. Cave became confused, but he stuck to his story, that the crystal was not in the market for sale; then a probable purchaser of it had suddenly appeared. The two, finding this to be an attempt to

take the place still further, made as if they would leave the shop, but at this point the perfume door opened, and the owner of the dark fringe and the little eyes appeared.

She was a coarse-browed, capricious woman, younger and very much lovelier than Mrs. Crev, she walked heavily, and her face was flushed. "That crystal is for sale," she said. "And five pounds is a good enough price for it. I can't think what you're about, Crev, not to take the gentleman's offer!"

Mrs. Crev, greatly perturbed by the agitation, looked angrily at her over the rim of her spectacles, and, without conscious awareness, scowled his right to manage his business in his own way. An altercation began. The two customers watched the scene with interest and some amusement, occasionally smiling Mrs. Crev with aggression. Mr. Crev, bent down, perspired as a confound and impossible story of an enquiry for the crystal that morning, and his agitation became painful. But he stuck to his point with extraordinary persistence. It was the young Oriental who called this coarse woman's. He proposed that they should call again in the course of two days—as in or give the alleged enquirer a fair chance. "And then we must meet," said the shopman. "Five pounds!" Mrs. Crev took it on herself to apologise for her husband, explaining that he was sometimes "a little odd," and as the two customers left, the couple prepared for a free discussion of the incident in all its bearings.

Mrs. Crev talked to her husband with regular discussion. The poor little man, quivering with emotion, reddened himself between his noes, maintaining on the one

hand that he had another customer in view, and on the other asserting that the crystal was honestly worth ten guineas. "Why did you ask five pounds?" said the wife. "Do let me manage my business my own way!" said Mr. Crev.

Mr. Crev had living with him a step-daughter and a step-son, and at supper that night the transaction was discussed. None of them had a high opinion of Mr. Crev's business methods, and the action seemed a substantiating folly.

"It's my opinion he's offered that crystal before," said the step-son, a loose-limbed kind of explorer.

"But *Five Pounds!*" said the step-daughter, an experienced young person of the same breed.

Mr. Crev's doubts were weakened, he could only mutter weak assurances that he knew his own business best. They drove him from his half-million copper into the shop, to show it for the night, his own shame and scorn of reaction behind his spectacles. "Why had he left the crystal in the window so long? The folly of it!" That was the trouble closest to his mind. For a time he could see no way of reaching sale.

After supper his step-daughter and step-son entertained themselves up and went to bed and he with retired upstairs to reflect upon the business aspects of the crystal, over a little cigar and lemon and so forth in hot water. Mr. Crev was into the shop, and stayed there most late, ostensibly to make occasional enquiries for gold-fish-rings but really for a private purpose that will be better explained later.





The next day Mrs. Cane found that the crystal had been twisted from the window, and was lying behind some unaccounted books on a table. She regarded it in a confidential position. But she did not argue further about it, as a nervous headache distracted her from debate. Mr. Cane was already distracted. The day passed uneventfully. Mr. Cane was, at anything, more absent-minded than usual, and unconsciously irritable withal. In the afternoon, when his wife was making her customary sleep, he removed the crystal from the window again.

The next day Mr. Cane had to deliver a commencement of dogfish in one of the hospital schools, where they were needed for dissection. In his absence Mrs. Cane's mind reverted to the sight of the crystal, and the methods of captivities suitable in a world of two persons. She had already devised some very splendid expedients, among others a drive of good silk for himself and a trip to Richmond, when a peeping of the front door bell summoned her into the shop. The customer was an commission coach who came to enquire of the non-delivery of certain frags asked for the previous day. Mrs. Cane did not approve of this particular branch of Mr. Cane's business, and the gentleman, who had called in a somewhat aggressive mood, retired after a total exchange of words—robustly civil so far as he was concerned. Mrs. Cane's eye then instantly turned to the window, for the sight of the crystal was an assurance of the fine parade and of her destiny. What was her surprise to find it gone!

She went to the place behind the locker on the counter,

where she had discovered it the day before. It was not there, and she immediately began an eager search about the shop.

When Mr. Cane returned from his business with the dogfish, about six o'clock in the afternoon, he found the shop in great confusion, and his wife, extremely exasperated and on her knees behind the counter, rummaging his miscellaneous wares. She then came up but not very over the counter, as the peeping bell announced his return, and she forthwith accused him of "stealing it."

"Had what?" asked Mr. Cane.

"The crystal!"

At that Mr. Cane, apparently much surprised, rushed to the window. "Isn't it here?" he said. "Great Heaven what has become of it?"

But then, Mr. Cane's stepson re-entered the shop from the lower room—apparently from a minute or so before Mr. Cane—and he was blushing freely. He was apologetic to a second-hand furniture dealer down the road, but he had his meals at home, and he was actively employed to find no dinner ready.

But, when he heard of the loss of the crystal, he forgot his meal, and his anger was diverted from his mother to his step-father. These first ideas, of course, was that he had hidden it, but Mr. Cane merely disavowed knowledge of its whereabouts offering his habitually affidavits to the contrary—and at last was worked up to a point of assuming first, his wife and then his stepson of having taken it with a view to a private sale. He began an exceedingly

...and then we'll  
smash the Union Jack  
in Washington  
and nail it up  
to New York...

Of course, we may  
have a minor delay  
at that little crossroads  
town of Gettysburg...



anxiousness and emotional distress, which ended for Mrs. Carr as a painful nervous condition midway between hysteria and attack, and caused the stepson to be half-an-hour late at the furniture establishment in the afternoon. Mr. Carr took refuge from his wife's emotions in the shop.

In the evening the matter was renewed, with less passion and in a paternal spirit, under the proximity of the stepdaughter. The supper passed unhappily and unrestrained in a painful scene. Mr. Carr gave way at last to intense exasperation, and went out banging the front door violently. The rest of the family, having discussed him with the freedom his absence warranted, turned the house from guest to soldier, hoping to light upon the crystal.

The next day the two customers called again. They were received by Mrs. Carr almost in tears. It was hard that no one could imagine all that she had stood from Carr at various times in her married pilgrimage. She also gave a garbled version of the disappearance. The clerks and the General laughed silently at one another, and said it was very extraordinary. As Mrs. Carr seemed disposed to give them the complete history of his life they made to leave the shop. Thereupon Mrs. Carr, still ringing in bells, asked for the druggist's address, so that, if she could get anything out of Carr, she might communicate it. The address was duly given, but apparently was afterwards glibbed. Mrs. Carr can remember nothing about it.

In the evening of that day, the Carrs went to have ac-

companied their guests, and Mr. Carr, who had been out in the afternoon, stopped at a gloomy residence that occurred pleasantly with the disappointed controversy of the previous days. For some time matters were very badly situated in the Carr household, but neither crystal nor customer reappeared.

Now, without entering the matter, we must admit that Mr. Carr was a liar. He knew perfectly well where the crystal was. It was in the rooms of Mr. Henry Wain, Assistant Commissioner to St. Catherine's Hospital, Westbourne Street. It stood on the sideboard partially covered by a black velvet cloth, and beside a decanter of American whiskey. It is (young Mr. Wain, indeed, that the particulars upon which this narrative is based were derived. Carr had taken off the drug to the hospital ladies in the dogged mood, and there had pressed the young investigator to keep it for him. Mr. Wain was a little dubious at first. His relationship to Carr was peculiar. He had a taste for singular literature, and he had more than once counselled the old man to smoke and drink in his rooms, and to forbid his mother among views of life in general and of his wife in particular. Mr. Wain had encouraged Mrs. Carr, too, on occasions when Mr. Carr was out at home to attend to him. He knew the various superstitions to which Carr was subjected, and having weighed the story patiently, he decided to give the crystal an obsequy. Mr. Carr promised to explain the reasons for his remarkable observation for the crystal more fully at a later occasion, but he spoke briefly of seeing violent Carrs. He called on



Mr. Wain the same evening.

He told a complicated story. The crystal he said had come into his possession with other valuables at the forced sale of another recently deceased's effects, and not knowing what its value might be, he had retained it as an heirloom. It had hung upon his mantle at that price for some months, and he was thinking of "redeeming the loan," when he made a singular discovery.

At that time his health was very bad—and it must be borne in mind that, throughout all this experience, his physical condition was one of ill-health and he was in considerable distress by reason of the negligence, the positive disregard even, he received from his wife and step-daughter. His wife was vain, extravagant, selfish, and had a growing taste for private drinking; his step-daughter was mean and overbearing, and his step-mother had conceived a violent dislike for him, and lost no chance of showing it. The representatives of his business pressed heavily upon him, and Mr. Wain does not think that he was altogether free from occasional intemperance. He had begun life in a comfortable position, he was a man of fair education, and he suffered, for weeks at a stretch, from melancholia and neurasthenia. Afraid to disturb his family, he would slip quietly from his wife's side, when his thoughts became morbid, and wander about the house. And when these attacks were morning, late or night, chance directed him into the shop.

The dirty hole place was imperceptibly black except in one spot, where he perceived an unusual glow of light.

Approaching this, he discovered it to be the crystal egg, which was standing on the corner of the counter towards the window. A thin ray came through a crack in the shutter, impinged upon the object, and seemed as it were to fill its entire interior.

It occurred to Mr. Cove that this was odd in accordance with the laws of optics as he had known them in his younger days. He could understand the rays being refracted by the crystal and entering to a focus in the interior, but this definition jelled with his physical superstition. He approached the crystal eagerly, peering now at one point or that, with a transient revival of the scientific curiosity that in his youth had decreased his choice of a calling. He was surprised to find the light not steady, but vibrating within the substance of the egg, as though that object was a hollow sphere of some luminous vapour. As moving about to get different points of view, he suddenly found that he had come between it and the ray, and that the crystal now the left remained luminous. Quickly attracted, he lifted it out of the light ray had carried it to the darkest part of the shop. It remained bright for some four or five minutes, when it slowly faded and went out. He placed it in the thin streak of daylight, and its luminousness was almost immediately restored.

So far, at least, Mr. Wain was a little to verify the remarkable story of Mr. Cove. He has himself repeatedly held this crystal in a ray of light (which had to be of a few diameters (less one millimetre). And in a perfect darkness, such as could be produced by velvet wrapping, the crystal did undoubtedly appear very faintly phosphorescent. It



would seem, however, that the landscape was of some unusual sort, and not equally visible to all eyes, for Mr. Harbinger—who never will be familiar to the scientific reader in connection with the *Farther Shores*—was quite unable to see any light whatever. And Mr. Wace's great capacity for his acquaintance was not of comparison inferior to that of Mr. Carey. Both with Mr. Carey the power varied very considerably, but when was most vivid during states of extreme excitement and fatigue.

Now from the instant this light in the crystal manifested an accessible location upon Mr. Carey. And it says more for his hardness of soul than a volume of pathetic writings could do, that he told no human being of his curious observation. He seems to have been living in such a metaphysics of pure spirit that to admit the existence of a pleasure would have been to risk the loss of it. He found that as the dawn advanced, and the amount of diffused light increased, the crystal became to all appearance non-luminous. And for some time he was unable to see anything in it, except at night-time, in dark corners of the shop.

But the use of an old velvet cloth, which he used as a background for a collection of minerals, occurred to him, and by doubling this, and putting it over his head and hands, he was able to get a sight of the luminous movement within the crystal seen in the day-time. He was very anxious that he should be thus discovered by his wife, and he postponed this experiment only at the afternoon, while she was asleep upstairs, and then almost secretly in a hollow under the counter. And one day, turning the crystal about in his hands, he saw something. It came and went like a flash, but it gave him the impression that the object had for a moment opened to him the view of a wide and gorgeous and strange country, and, turning it about, he did, just as the light faded, see the same vision again.

Now, it would be tedious and unnecessary to state all the phases of Mr. Carey's discovery from this point. But this the effect was that the crystal, being placed into an angle of about 117 degrees from the direction of the illuminating ray, gave a clear and extended picture of a wide and peculiar country-side. It was not desirable at all, it produced a definite impression of reality, and the better the light the more real and solid it seemed. It was a moving picture: that is to say, certain objects moved in it, but slowly as no earthly manner like real things, and, according to the direction of the lighting and vision changed, the picture changed also. It meant, indeed, have been like looking through an oval glass at a vase, and turning the glass about to get at different aspects.

Mr. Carey's statements, Mr. Wace repeats me, were extremely unaccounted, and entirely free from any of that sentimental quality that haunts hallucinatory experiences. But it must be remembered that all the efforts of Mr. Wace to see any similar clarity or definite appearances of the crystal were wholly unsuccessful, up to he would. The difference in intensity of the impressions noticed by the two men was very great, and it is quite conceivable that what was a vision to Mr. Carey was a mere flurried ecstacy to Mr. Wace.

The view, as Mr. Carey described it, was invariably of an extensive plain, and he seemed always to be looking

at it from a considerable height, as if from a tower, or a mast. To the east and to the west the plain was bounded at a remote distance by vast solidish hills, which reminded him of those he had seen in some pictures, but what the picture was Mr. Wace was unable to ascertain. These hills passed north and south—he could tell the points of the compass by the stars that were visible at a night—standing in an almost illimitable perspective and fading into the mist of the distance before they rose. He was aware the existence not of hills, over the summit of his first vision the sea was rising over them, and black against the twilight and purpled against the dawn appeared a multitude of waving forms that Mr. Carey reported as birds. A vast range of buildings spread below him he seemed to be looking down upon them, and, as they approached the lateral and inclined edge of the picture, they became indistinct. These were also trees various in shape, and in coloring, a deep emerald green and an exquisite grey, beside a wide and shining road. And something great and brilliantly coloured flew across the picture. But the first time Mr. Carey saw these pictures he saw only in flashes, the flash shook, the flash moved, the vision came and went, and grew hazy and indistinct. And at first he had the greatest difficulty in finding the picture again when the direction of it was lost.

His first clear vision, which came about a week after the first, the interval having yielded nothing but tantalizing glimpses and some useful experience, showed him the view down the length of the valley. The view was different, but he had a curious perception, which he subsequently observed absolutely confirmed, that he was regarding this strange world from exactly the same spot, although he was looking in a different direction. The long lip of the great building, whose end he had looked down upon before, was now receding in perspective. He recognized the roof. In the front of the facade was a series of stupendous projections and extraordinary height, and down the middle of the facade, at certain intervals, stood huge but very graceful masts, bearing small dark objects which reflected the setting sun. The largest of these small objects did not occur to Mr. Carey until some time after, so he was describing the scene to Mr. Wace. The masts carried a thick of the most luxuriant and graceful vegetation, and beyond this was a wide grassy lawn so which certain broad structures, at first like boats but eventually huge, reposed. Beyond the lawn was a richly decorated courtyard of pink stone, and beyond that, and lined with dense red woods, and growing up the valley exactly parallel with the dragon hills, was a broad and mountain-like expanse of water. The air around full of squanders of great birds, maneuvering in steady curves, and above the river was a multitude of splendid buildings, neatly retained and glimmering with metallic canopy and flags, among a forest of moss-like and lichens trees. And suddenly something slipped repeatedly across the vision, like the flitting of a powdered bat or the buzzing of a wing, and a flash, or rather the upper part of a flash with very large eyes, came as it were close to his own and as if on the other side of the crystal Mr. Carey was startled and so impressed by the absolute reality of these eyes, that he drew his head back from the crystal to look

*continued on page 16*



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



11

THE PRIVATE EYE WHO WAS WILLOW



WHO EVER  
COVER TO GET  
THE EVIDENCE IT  
COST HIM



NOT NOW!  
HEAR, SOMEONE  
COMING

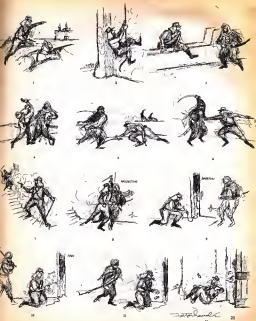


WELL, WELL!  
THE ONE WHO'S  
A CONFESSION



COME  
PRIVATE  
EYE











## Indecent Exposure: How to write a best-selling autobiography \*

I'm going to show you  
how to write a best-selling  
autobiography EVEN THOUGH  
YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED  
AN iota OF MORAL DEGRADATION!

BY GEORGE KINOD

Autobiographies have been in  
demand for centuries, ever  
since Dante put out his Divine  
Comedy. I feel it only fair to  
tell you, however, that today  
they're best sellers for one  
special reason: THEY SPILL THE  
BEANS!

They're rags of sin, sung by  
the sinners themselves. Madams,  
murderers, alcoholics, rapists,  
con-men, drug addicts - these  
are our new literary lions.  
Their true-life stories make  
Studs Lonigan read like The  
Power of Positive Thinking.

Faulkner? Just a Nobel Prize-  
winning alibi compared to  
Folly Adler. And if Erskine  
Caldwell really wants to know  
about the seamy side of life,  
why doesn't he come up north  
and talk to Lillian Roth?

It's the same with magazines.  
Scandal mongers like Confidential  
easily outsell Boy's Life. What  
boy worthy of the name wants to  
read about his own life (continued)

\* From How To Write The Bestseller That Follows How To Find  
Seven Times as Many as Four Authors as Four Black Sheep  
There's no Author Already Living as Four Black in Which Case  
You'll Receive the Second Author as Four Black and There's  
Like The and Other Stories by George Kings, which includes  
 chapters on "How's Your Sex, Ma'am?" "How To Write a Best-  
selling Marriage Guide," "The Name Is Chatterbox and The  
No Lady" "How To Write a Bestselling Novel" and other goodies.

when he can find out all about Frank Sinatra?

Even those twice-interviewed magazines are different. Gone are articles like "How I Keep Myself Dumb" by Frederick Crawford. In their place you'll discover unbelieved revelations, such as the one written by Lillian—"I Wanted to Be a Stud!"

In her autobiography *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, Lillian Roth tells us that in the age of five she had her thighs painted by a painter's assistant. Eventually she became a dancer.

Her autobiography is so graphic a picture of her own debauchery that she could've used her self for a demonstration of character.

Nymphomaniac was another popular affliction. The ladies who wrote of this usually claimed they'd peaked it up from men.

My theory, Mary Astor's, was written on the advice of her psychiatrist. And it reads as if she'd used her nose from hot seasons on the coast.

Who can blame her? Miss Astor's best act for probably paid for all her dance halls. Maybe that was what her analyst had in mind.

It's been alleged that many of these confessions were submitted by Lucie Hayward, so she'd have first crack at playing the parts in the movies.

To avoid eye-rolling, however, she's planning to branch out. There's a possibility she'll do the film version of Charlotte Jayneson's autobiography, in which the title

role will be played by both Miss Hayward and Gregory Peck.

Another poignant memoir was *Red, Red, Albert Glass*, by "Peggy" Boyington. He was the war man who took to drink because he couldn't adjust to peacetime life. Fortunately he was cured, and not a minute too soon. His friends were about to start another war so he'd perk up.

In her all too brief screen career, the late Fred Flynn numbered among his movies particularly such legendary icons as Don Juan, Casanova and John Barrymore.

In *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*—his legendary life story—we find that Flynn took his roles quite seriously. He was a painstaking researcher. Before he assumed the guise of Casanova, for instance, he spared no expense to acquaint himself minutely with the problems that men have confronted that poor devil, haunted as he was by insatiable women seeking his loins.

In fact Flynn spent so much of his time engaged in research—of one kind or another—that you wonder how he ever found a minute to write about it.

Rocky Ganssco, Gypsy Rose Lee, Zsa Zsa Gabor—their candid confessions. The time is ripe for your own candid autobiography. But you must act now. Book buyers are a fickle group and you never know when they'll suddenly decide to give up alcohol, narcotics, prostitution and other such pastimes—in their reading anyway.

Remember: TELL ALL.

WEED, AND THE WORLD WEEPS WITH YOU!  
HOLD NOTHING BACK, AND NOTHING CAN  
HOLD YOU BACK.



You hesitate. I think I know why. You're afraid that your life looks like *Drums* that spilled it's lines of a *Drums* *Barrymore* or a *Rocky Graziano*.

Of course it does. *Whose* life doesn't?

Talk to me, for example. Before I wrote my novel, I too had contemplated doing an autobiography—my own, in fact. However, when I let my whole life pass in front of me (while swimming and contemplating to go down for the third time), I realized that it could hardly be called hard.

The novel took a Communist. I've never even been a Republican or a Democrat. I've never been an alcoholic, a drug addict, a homosexual (please, don't tell me my childhood crushes on Richard Dix and André Gide were anything).

My only sin is that I once was a contestant on a third-rate show. I'm sure it was fixed because I lost \$75 of my own money.

I certainly don't claim the wealth of statistics that you find, for example, in Mary Astor's book. Why do you know that at the age of nineteen she had her first affair—with John Barrymore? Nothing like that ever happened to me. I don't even know Ethel.

And that's why I wrote a novel instead of an autobiography. Don't you make the same mistake?

After all, not all of us can be former alcoholics or drug addicts. That does not mean you're beyond redemption. **EVEN IF YOU'VE NEVER SINNED AT ALL, YOU CAN STILL BE SAVED!**

Don't misunderstand. I'm not suggesting that you take up a life of sin now. To me, there's nobody more desper-

ate than a person who starts leading it up just to write a best seller.

You can try this if you want to. But you have yourself open to the charge that your autobiography was mediocre.

Also, you run the risk of failure. What if your book doesn't hold out? Then, where's your best seller?

No, syndicate an article, get publicity anywhere. The only sin worth a capital is *stupidity* now.

Where does that leave you with your question, *guilt* factor? I'm going to show you how to write a best-selling autobiography. **EVEN THOUGH YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED AN iota OF HONEST DEGRADATION!**

Parental discord, a drunken father, a promiscuous mother, pre-marital sex, drug addiction, alcoholism, mental sex, mental infidelity — yes, all these autobiographical necessities can be yours! **EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE A FLAT, ORDINARY, PLEB PERSON!**

What's most amazing is that you'll be telling the truth! Maybe not the whole truth, yet nothing but the truth.

How? Ever hear of *poetic license*?

To show you what I mean, I've composed an imaginary autobiography, the story of an everyday, clean-living, boring human being. **IT COULD BE YOU!**

The autobiography appears in the left-hand column. In the right-hand column you'll find the facts. A simple quick reading will illustrate how the simple, prosaic details of your own daily existence can be converted into an exciting and useful best seller.



(Now I've made our subject a woman only for purposes of Saint Hayward.)

### They Called Me Bottom

Tomorrow I shall be leaving St. Bonoph's.

Little did I realize, when I entered the gates at the foot of Kniff-Bling Hill, that my stay at St. Bonoph's would extend beyond the New Year.

But on that stormy day six weeks ago I was hardly capable of clear thought. To be perfectly honest, I was absolutely miserable. All I can remember of that wretched afternoon is the deep aching pain that kept flitting through my bones, my great breaks.

My life at St. Bonoph's has been a nightmare I've discovered so many things I never knew before.

It hasn't been all sweetness and light some days I felt the world was a streaming mass of filth.

Then one glorious day everything changed. An oppressive load was lifted from my weary shoulders.

How did it all begin? How did I come to St. Bonoph's? I was born.

My first memory is of pecking out the window and seeing my father crouch down the street and tuggle into the bushes behind our mansion.

My mother rushed out to help him, pulling him up so he sleepily gazed at her. "I see you managed to hold onto the bottle!" said Mother. Just enough, then it was, clinked to his chin. Oh, Daddy!

Miss Framing, my nursery-school teacher, asked me to repeat the books in the cloak room. If she hadn't I never would have gone home for the book-appears. And there at the foyer met Mother—in the arms of another man! They tapped each other, exchanged kind looks, pressed their cheeks together. They never noticed me.

At breakfast I had the feeling something was different, something was missing. "Where's Daddy?" I asked my mother. "Your... daddy's gone," she smiled softly. "Gone, gone, gone!"

My first deal! A child passed through my bones, my great breaks. But was a sweet boy, a perfect gentleman—as I thought! Then, as we parked in front of my house, he became an other man—said "You've got to, you must!" he demanded. "No!" I shrieked. "I'm not

that kind of girl!" The more I scowled the more frantic the girl. I felt my resistance slipping away. "All right," I said. "But... please... be... careful!" And I let her.

"Come on, Dams! Harry glanced "You'll get a real charge out of it!" "But I've never done it before," I said. "Okay," Harry said snarling, "toughen!" "Please," I said, "don't be cruel." "Well, dam!" he said suddenly. I held the needle between my restless eyes. "All right," I said. "Just let you, Harry!" And then I took the needle and...

I was hooked. Now know if they know how to take advantage of me. What was more, I couldn't say no.

Frank led me into the darkness, his arm tight around my waist, beneath my breasts, my great breaks. We sat and then... I was lost, swept away in a current of passion. Time and space held no meaning. Nothing held no meaning. Only "Thank you, down, baby! Cheap-a-lap!" "But I'm so cheap!" "Here. Take it. On the rocks." "No more, please. I don't feel... very well." And then it was over. But the next morning I knew I had to have more... and more... and more!

"It's a meeting on my back, fine," said Frank. "Why don't we try to let it happen?" And so we were married! For a while it was fine. We had each other and it seemed that was all we'd ever need. I was so happy. I was even able to give up the needle. I hid it in the bottom closet and forgot about it.

"You've got to help me, Dams! You must!" It was Harry and he was on his back. "We were in the kitchen, dam!" I was terrified. Frank was upstairs, asleep. But what if he were to awake? Still, I couldn't refuse Harry. I found the needle in the bottom closet. "Quick, honey!" Harry begged. "Take them off!" I said. "It's easier that way." "Okay," he said. "Now do it honey, do it!" In a moment it was all over. "Oh, honey," Harry whispered, "you're terrible! You really know how to do it!" "Please, Harry," I said. "You must go now." I hurried him out the back door just as the kitchen door opened. Frank! Without a word he stepped on the refrigerator and took out the tin tray. "Why didn't he say something?"

You let this become your car

You defined Harry's words

You thought somebody's words

You were seeing your first Harry's first and last

You've been a finger through your own door

He was why someone the best damn thing you did

He was the first man you've ever loved

Getting ready for a first time he'd discovered how to love you

Frank loved his mother

continued on page 10

# DOPGATCH REVISITED

BY Ed Fisher and Will Elder

## SOCIETY NOTES

ELINE B. BEEBE, AUTHOR  
TO VISIT OZARK KIM.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 1 (AP)—The author of the novel "The Day After Tomorrow" is expected to visit the Ozark region of the state in the near future. The author, Eline B. Beebe, is a well-known writer of children's books. She is expected to visit the Ozark region of the state in the near future. The author, Eline B. Beebe, is a well-known writer of children's books. She is expected to visit the Ozark region of the state in the near future.

For those who are interested in the author of the novel "The Day After Tomorrow," it is expected that she will visit the Ozark region of the state in the near future. The author, Eline B. Beebe, is a well-known writer of children's books. She is expected to visit the Ozark region of the state in the near future.



DOPGATCH I HAVE RETURNED  
A new member  
has been found!

ELINE

Well, well, well!  
Eline! You ought  
to be a member  
of the club!

There's nothing  
more to be said  
about this  
club!

— Well,  
I'm glad to hear  
that you've  
found a new  
member. But  
I'm not sure  
if it's really  
the same  
one.

COULD  
THAT BE  
DOPGATCH?



— Ah,  
I'm sure  
you've found  
a new  
member!

— Ah, Eline,  
I'm sure  
you've found  
a new  
member!

— Ah, Eline,  
I'm sure  
you've found  
a new  
member!

— Eline,  
I'm sure  
you've found  
a new  
member!



— Eline,  
I'm sure  
you've found  
a new  
member!











# WOHLNUTS

WASH IT  
DOWN.



YAGNAD, SUCCESS  
REALLY TAKES  
A LOT OUT OF  
YOU.



CONGRATULATIONS,  
IT'S LOWER.



IT'S A NICE  
PLACE TO VISIT  
BUT I WOULDN'T  
WANT TO LIVE HERE



IT'S A  
NAIL



IT'S A  
NAIL



SHOCK



DON'T DRINK IT  
LEMON.  
YOU KNOW YOU  
MARRIED ME FOR  
MY HOUSE.

TELL ME HOW  
DO YOU KNOW  
A GOOD  
DENTIST?







With you and his and Joseph Goebbels in

# Berlin



Photo © The Guardian



The eyes of the world are on Berlin. HIGLY paid for  
underwater America  
Baths for us on the hot spot  
look at the Berlin Problem  
Here is the report.

and the world



West  
Business  
people  
proceed  
reaction  
are conspicuous  
and happy —

East  
Business  
though not  
as prosperous

...people  
don't  
happy





Colleagues too often wish to simplify the East Berlin landscape

ON I LEFT ME OUR  
OFFICE BUILT AND OUR BUREAU  
CHIEF AND LAYERS WERE  
OFFICE AND OUR FIRST WIFE  
AND BORN AND AN AMERICAN MAN  
OUR LATEST SCHOOL AND BUREAU  
PROGRESSIVE OFFICE — AND ON  
21st FLOOR —





First kindergarten session in West Berlin —

but Soviet authorities try to make the school of cultural activities





Her "house" from around destroyed a male age group, and it is quite common to see "older" men assisting young girls





Look, lady -  
don't you know  
you're not supposed to  
play around with  
telephone boys?

# AN EGYPTIAN HORNET



*By Algernon Blackwood*

**The word has an angry, malignant sound that brings the idea of attack vividly into the mind. There is a vicious sting about it somewhere—**

Even a foreigner, ignorant of the meaning, must feel it. A hornet is wicked, it dark and stink; it plagues, coming without provocation for the face and eyes. The name suggests a mental drawing of evil wings, ferocious flight, and poisonous stings. Though black and yellow, it sounds sinister. There is blood in it. A striped sign of the sin in concentrated form. There is no escape—if it attacks.

In Egypt an ordinary bee is the size of an English hornet, but the Egyptian hornet is enormous. It is truly monstrous—an enormous, dying terror. It shows that universal quality of the best of the Sphinx and Pyramids—great size. It is a formidable insect, worse than scorpion or tarantula. The Rev. James Milligan, meeting me for the first time, evoked the meaning of another word to

glass. For ten minutes he could enjoy himself and pretend that he was safe. For ten minutes he did so. He behaved naturally, as though nothing happened, and in thought all the courage in the world was his. He quitted and unged and sprang, making a lot of reckless noise. He got up and closed himself. Slowly the water subsided, the air grew clearer, he put on dressing gown and slippers. It was time to go out.

Unable to derive any further reason for delay, he opened the door softly half an inch, peeped out—and incidentally closed it again with a astounding bang. He had heard a drone of wings. The street had left its porch and now buzzed upon the floor directly in his path. The air seemed full of wings; he felt made all over him; his impressed pictures began with the expectancy of pain. The buzz knew he was coming out, and was waiting for him. In that brief instant he had let his step all over him, on his unprotected soles, on his back, his neck, his cheeks, on his eyes, and on the head clearing that adorned his Anglican head. Through the closed door he heard the entrance, still manner of his striped adversary in a last in angry rage. He cried and waited along that in and out with help. His left leg worked. He saw as they went already working with the last of justice. Ugh! That was what! A moment's steady nerve and he could have turned this coming body from the driving train such was such, well-directed thrust, but his nerve had already deserted him.

Human motives, even in the profoundly holy, are an unworked affair at any time. For now, in the Rev. James Miligan, they were quite considerably mixed. He claims this explanation, at any rate, in excuse of his abnormal subsequent behavior. For, exactly at this moment, when he had decided to stand resolutely by raising for the Arab servant, a step was visible in the corridor outside, and enough came with it into his despicable heart. It was the step of the man he cordially "disappeared of," among the pulpit version of "hated and despised." He had oversteered his tone, and the bolt was in demand by Mr. Mullins. Mr. Mullins inevitably followed him in every step, it was now a quarter to eight. And Mr. Mullins was a wonderful drinking man—"a lot."

In a flash the plan was conceived and put into execution. The temptation, of course, was of the devil. Mr. Miligan told the waiter from himself, pretending he hardly recognized it. The plan was what, one call is duty work, it was also reasonably welcome. He opened the door, rapped loudly, rose in the air, right over the hollow space on the floor, and fairly pressed into the new passage. The brief transit brought a hurried horrible sensation—that the house would run and along his legs, that it would cling to his dressing-gown and send his spine, that he would slip upon it and die, like Achilles, of a local exposure. But with these, and conquering them, was not other stronger motives that added the inner sense of their potency—that Mr. Mullins would run precisely the same risks five seconds hence, unprepared. He heard the glowing, sweet heat and scratch the cloth. But it was behind him, he was safe!

"Good morning to you, Mr. Mullins," he observed with a gracious smile. "I trust I have not kept you waiting."

"Indeed?" granted Mullins slowly in reply, as he

passed him with a distinctly hostile and contemptuous air. For Mullins, though depressed, perhaps, was an honest man, abiding person and making no secret of his opinions—whereas the latter being.

All ages, except those very big ones who are superstitious, have something tremendously depreciable in them. The depreciable thing in Miligan came upon him now. He fairly shuddered. He met the man with a color, laughing smile, and continued his shambling gait with what dignity he could towards his bedroom opposite. Then he turned his head to see. His enemy would meet an unfurnished hotel—an Egyptian hotel!—and might not notice it. He might step on it. He might not. But he was bound to disturb it, to injure it in attack. The chance was enormously on the clerical side. And so ring went death.

"May God forgive me!" ran automatically through his mind. And only by one with the repentant prayer ran also a recognition of the tempter's moral debt. "I hope the devil is well along time!"

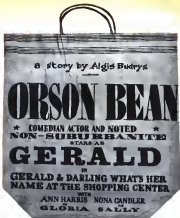
It happened very quickly. The Rev. James Miligan happened a moment by his door to watch the man Mullins, the disgusting Mullins, creep slowly into the bedroom passage, he saw him pass, shrink back, and raise his arm to protect his face. He heard him yell out aloud: "What's the devil thing doing here? Have I really got 'em again?" And then he heard him laugh a hearty, guffawing laugh of genuine relief—"It's real!"

The moment of revulsion was overwhelming. It filled the shuddering heart with anguish and bitter disappointment. For a space he hated the whole race of men.

For the instant Mr. Mullins realized that the smart was not a fiery illusion of his disordered nerve, he went forward without the smallest hesitation. With his head he knotted down the lying form. Then he snatched. He gathered up the remaining thing he well earned blow had received recently in the floor. He advanced with it, held it out's length, to the window. He raised it out carefully. The Egyptian looked him every unquipped, and Mr. Mullins—the Mr. Mullins who drank, gave nothing to the church, attended no services, lived person, and persecuted the last with persecution—did some detestable Mr. Mullins went to his chamber bath without a scratch. But first he saw his enemy standing in the doorway across the passage, watching him—and understood. That was the worst part of it, Mullins would make a story of it, and the story would go round of the hotel.

The Rev. James Miligan, however, proved that his reputation for self-control was not unfounded. He non-drawn nursing voice half an hour later with an expression of peace upon his handsome face. He cooperated all outward sign of inward spiritual exaltation, the wicked, he counted himself, over flourish like great big trees. It was notorious that the righteous never have any luck at all. That was had enough. But what was worse—and the Rev. James Miligan remembered for very long—was the superior ease with which Mullins had outstepped both himself and himself to the same level of comparative consciousness. Mullins ignored them both—which proved that he felt himself superior. Inferior worse than the story of any honest in the world. He really was superior. 1449

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In thousands of American suburbs, there are dozens of shopping centers with thousands of cars in their parking lots and millions of suburban couples on their credit plans. And what happens? We'll show you what happens...





Gee, you &  
can't believe it's  
been two weeks  
since the wedding

Wow — lots  
of love  
here, don't  
you?



Gee, darling,  
I love you! I'm  
going to go to the  
department store  
and buy lots  
and lots of  
pretty  
clothes

Gee, baby, don't  
forget! I love you! I'm  
going to the best store there  
and buy lots and lots of brown  
vest and Orlon and a great  
sweater and — really!



Yes, yes,  
darling! I'll meet  
you here, honey!

Yes, yes, honey!  
I'll meet you right  
here, darling!



Gee, I  
love, baby, dar-  
ling! You & I, look  
really too good. I'm  
looking you all like  
lovely, like  
the car!



Let's see you  
and wife & I  
again!

Let's see it  
ride & I  
again!









See?



Stop, please, you're like me!

I don't know. That looks more like me!



Some men just have a deep feeling. Amy's not!

I guess so.



Let's go home, all right?

Yes - a bit. Let's if people come home. I guess.



Take of your clothes, everything in their collection, all night.

Yes, that's right.



There is a change in the world, isn't it?

It's true. Yes, I'm sure you could look for the new world, isn't it?



Well...

Well...





# THE CENTAUR

From

HOW MENACE MY PLAN

by

SHEL SILVERSTEIN





1



2



3



4



5



6

Sketch

**The Crystal Egg** continued from page 11  
belated it. He had become so absorbed in watching that he was quite surprised to find himself in the cool darkness of his little chamber, with its familiar odour of crystal, manuscripts, and decay. And, as he blinked about him, the glowing crystal faded, and went out.

Such were the first general impressions of Mr. Care. The rest is variously described by commentators. From the instant when the valley first flashed momentarily on his vision, his imagination was strongly affected, and, as he began to appreciate the details of the scene he saw, he would run in the point of a pencil. He went about his business huddled and drowsy, thinking only of the time when he should be able to return to his watching. And then a few weeks after his first sight of the valley came the two earthquakes, the stress and excitement of their after, and the narrow escape of the crystal from safe, as I have already told.

How whole the thing was Mr. Care's secret, it remained a secret wonder, a thing to creep to curiously and peep at, as a child might peep upon a forbidden garden. But Mr. Ware has, for a young scientific investigator, a particularly hard and conservative habit of mind. Densely the crystal and its story came to him, and he had satisfied himself, by using the phosphorescence with his own eyes, that there really was a certain evidence for Mr. Care's statements. He proceeded to develop the matter systematically. Mr. Care was only too eager to come and lend his eyes on the wonderland he saw, and he came every night from

half-past eight and half-past ten, and sometimes, in Mr. Ware's absence, during the day. On Sunday afternoon, also, he came. From the instant Mr. Ware made known his name, and it was due to his scientific method that the relation between the observation from which the luminous ray entered the crystal and the observation of the picture was proved. And, by covering the crystal in a box perforated only with a small aperture to admit the exciting ray, and by substituting black ball-balloon for his ball black, he greatly improved the conditions of the observation; so that in a little while they were able to survey the valley in any direction they desired.

So having described my way, we may give a brief account of the necessary work within the crystal. The things were in all cases seen by Mr. Care, and the method of working was obviously for him to watch the crystal and report what he saw, while Mr. Ware (who as a scientific student had learnt the trick of writing in the dark) wrote a brief note of his report. When the crystal faded, it was put into its box in the proper position and the electric light turned on. Mr. Ware asked questions, and suggested observations to clear up difficult points. Nothing, indeed, would have been less necessary and more matter-of-fact.

The attention of Mr. Care had been quickly directed to the ball-like creatures he had seen so abundantly present in each of his earlier visions. His first impression was soon corrected, and he considered for a time that they might represent a class of species of bat. Then he thought, prospectively enough, that they might be sparrows. Their



heads were round, and entirely human, and it was the eyes of one of them that had so startled him in his second observation. They had broad, silvery wings, not feathered, but glistening almost as brilliantly as sun-filled fish and with the same subtle play of colour, and these wings were not built on the plan of bird-wing, or bat, Mr. Waco learned, but supported by curved ribs radiating from the body. (A sort of loosely wing with curved ribs rather best to express their appearance.) The body was small, but filled with two branches of pachinate spines, like long tentacles, immediately under the mouth. Incredible as it appeared to Mr. Waco, the perception at last became accurate, that it was these tentacles which served the great queer-looking buildings and the magnificent garden that made the forest valley so splendid. And Mr. Cane perceived that the buildings, with other peculiarities, had no doors, but that the great circular windows, which opened freely, gave the creatures access, and entrance. They would climb upon their tentacles, load their wings to a windless thrust sail-like, and hop into the interior like among them was a multitude of smaller winged creatures, like great dragon-flies and moths and flying beetles, and across the greenward brilliantly-coloured pyramids ground-beetles scurried busily to and fro. Moreover, on the canyons and crevices, large-headed creatures, similar to the greater winged flies, but wingless, were visible hopping busily upon their head-like temple of carapace.

Altogether his already keen eye to the glistening objects again made that stood upon the terrace of the tower building. It dawned upon Mr. Cane, after regarding one

of these insects very closely on one particularly clear day, that the glistening object there was a crystal exactly like that one which he possessed. And a still more careful scrutiny convinced him that each one of a whole of nearly twenty carried a similar object.

Occasionally one of the large flying creatures would flutter up to him, and, folding its wings and casting a number of its tentacles about the man, would regard the crystal fixedly for a space—sometimes for as long as fifteen minutes. And a series of observations, made at the suggestion of Mr. Waco, convinced both men that, so far as the visionary world was concerned, the crystal into which they peered actually stood in the nature of the substance most on the horizon, and that on one occasion at least one of these inhabitants of the other world had looked into Mr. Cane's face while he was making these observations.

So much for the outward facts of this very singular story. Unless we choose it all to be negative, fabrication of Mr. Waco, we have no before one of two things: either that Mr. Cane's crystal was in two worlds at once, and that, while it was turned about to use, it remained stationary in the other, which seems altogether absurd, or else that it had some peculiar relations of sympathy with another and nearly similar crystal in the other world, so that what was seen in the interior of the one, in the world was, under suitable conditions, visible to an observer in the corresponding crystal in the other world; and vice versa. At present, indeed we do not know of any way



in which one eye could see some in secret, but now always we know enough to understand that this thing is not altogether impossible. This view of the eyelets as an experiment was the impression then impressed in Mr. Wain, and to me it had it seems rather easily plausible.

And where was this other world? On this, also, the first intelligence of Mr. Wain speedily threw light. After sunset, the sky darkened rapidly—there was a very brief twilight interval and—indeed! the stars shone out. They were recognizably the same as those we see, arranged in the same constellations. Mr. Crev recognized the Pleiades, the Hyades, Aldebaran, and Sirius: so that the other world must be somewhere in the solar system, and, as the nearest only a few hundreds of millions of miles from our own. Following up this clue, Mr. Wain learned that the midnight sky was a darker blue even than our midwinter sky, and that the sun seemed a little smaller, and there were two small moons! 'The one moon but smaller, and quite differently marked'—one of which seemed to imply that its motion was exactly similar to our moon's. Three moons were never high in the sky, but revolved as they rose. But as, every time they revolved they were eclipsed because they were so near their primary planet, and all the moons quite completely, although Mr. Crev did not know it, to what must be the confusion of things on Mars.

Indeed, it seems an exceedingly plausible conclusion that peering into this crystal Mr. Crev did actually see the planet Mars and its inhabitants. And, if that be the case, then the evening star that shone so brilliantly in the

sky of that distant vision, was neither more nor less than our own familiar earth.

For a time the Martians—if they were Martians—seem to have known of Mr. Crev's inspection. Once or twice one would come to pass, and go away very slowly to some other moon, as though the moon was manufacturing. During this time Mr. Crev was able to watch the proceedings of these winged people without being disturbed by their vibrations, and, although the report is necessarily vague and fragmentary, it is nevertheless very suggestive. Imagine the impression of humanity a Martian observer would get who, after a definite process of preparation and with sufficient Mr. Ingene to the eyes, was able to peer at London from the steeple of St. Martin's Church for centuries, at sunset, at four o'clock, at a hour. Mr. Crev was unable to ascertain if the winged Martians were the same as the Medians, who hopped about the crossways and corners, and if the latter could put on wings at will. He several times saw certain clearing lipoids, dimly suggestive of apes, white and partially translucent, feeding among colonies of the hygienic trees, and once some of these fed before one of the hopping, round-headed Medians. The latter caught one in its pincers, and then the pincers faded suddenly and left Mr. Crev staring blankly in the dark. On another occasion a very thing, that Mr. Crev thought at first was some gigantic mouse, appeared advancing along the crossway towards the street with extraordinary rapidity. As the dream ceased Mr. Crev

continued on page 11







## The Crystal Egg

continued from page 38  
perceived that it was a mechanism of sharing reality and of extraordinary complexity. And then, when he looked again, it had passed out of sight.

After a time Mr. Waco appeared to attract the attention of the Martins, and the next time that the strange episode of one of them appeared close to the crystal Mr. Cane cried out and spring away, and they simultaneously turned on the light and began to postulate in a manner suggestive of squabbling. But when at last Mr. Cane examined the crystal upon the Martins had departed.

Thus for three observations had progressed in early November, and then Mr. Cane, fearing that the suspicions of his family about the crystal were allayed, began to take it to and fro with him in order that, in accordance with the doctrine of sight, he might comfort himself with what was but becoming the most real thing in his existence.

In December Mr. Waco's work in connection with a forthcoming examination became heavy, the affairs were substantially completed for a week, and for ten or eleven days this is not quite true which—he saw nothing of Cane. He then gave orders to resume these investigations, and, the stress of his personal labors being abated, he went down in Seven Days. As the corner he noticed a shadow before a hard pane's window, and then another at a window's Mr. Cane's shop was closed.

He rapped and the door was opened by the very man, at which Mr. Cane called Mrs. Cane, who was, Mr. Waco could not but observe, as strong but ample widow's weeds at the most imposing pattern. Without any great surprise Mr. Waco knew that Cane was dead and already buried. He was in tears, and her voice was a little thick. She had just returned from Hingham. Her mind seemed occupied with her own property and the honorable details of the obsequies, but Mr. Waco was at last able to learn the particulars of Cane's death. He had been found dead in his shop in the early morning, the day after his last visit to Mr. Waco, and the crystal had been obtained at his sister-in-law's. His face was smiling, and Mrs. Cane, and the velvet cloth from the marble lay on the floor of his feet. He must have been dead five or six hours when he was found.

This came as a great shock to Waco, and he began to reproach himself bitterly for having neglected the plain questions of the old man's ailments. But his chief thought was of the crystal. He approached that topic in a gingerly manner, because he knew Mrs. Cane's sensitiveness. He was disinclined to learn that it was sold.

Mrs. Cane's first impulse, directly Mr. Cane's body had been taken up, had been to write to the most dispassionate who had offered her goods for the crystal, informing him of its recovery, but after a violent fight in which her daughter joined her, they were convinced of the loss of the address. As they were without the means required to secure and bury Cane in the elaborate style the dignity of an old Seven Days initiation demands, they had appealed to a locally influential man in Great Portland Street. He had very kindly taken over a portion of the work at a valuation. The valuation was his own and the crystal egg was included in one of the lots. Mr. Waco, after a few suitable consoling observations, a little callidously proffered perhaps, hurried at once to Great

Portland Street. But there he learned that the crystal egg had already been sold to a tall, dark man in grey. And there the material facts in this current, and to me at least very suggestive story come abruptly to an end. The Great Portland Street dealer did not know who the tall dark man in grey was, nor had he observed him with sufficient attention to describe him minutely. He did not even know which way that person had gone after leaving the shop. For a time Mr. Waco remained in the shop, crying the dealer's promises with hopeless questions, venting his own exasperation. And at last, reaching abruptly that the whole thing had passed out of his hands, had vanished like a vision of the night, he returned to his own rooms, a little surprised to find the man he had made well sensible and visible again in empty table.

His surprise and disappointment were naturally very great. He made a second call (equally confident) upon the Great Portland Street dealer, and he resorted to advertisements in such periodicals as were likely to come into the hands of a fiction-hunt collector. He also wrote letters to *The Daily Chronicle* and *Illustrated*, for both those periodicals, supporting a hint, asked him to reconsider his action before they printed, and he was advised that such strange story, unfortunately so bereft of supporting evidence, might injure the reputation as an investigator. Moreover, the calls of his paper work were urgent, so that after a month or so, time for an occasional reminder to various dealers he had voluntarily abandoned the quest for the crystal egg, and from that day to this it remains unknown. Occasionally however, he will see, and I can quite believe him, he has heard of and in which he shudders his most urgent occupation and constant the search.

Whether or not a will sustain him for ever, with the material and origin of it, the things equally subordinate to the present state. If the present purchaser is a collector, one would have expected the inquiries of Mr. Waco to have reached him through the dealers. He has been able to discover Mr. Cane's diagnosis and "Cancer" — no other than the late James Parker and the young Prince of Monaco-Kati in April. I am obliged to them for certain particulars. The object of the Prince was simply curiosity—and exasperation. He was so eager to buy, because Cane was so richly talented as well. It is just as possible that the buyer in the second instance was simply a retail purchaser and not a collector at all, and the crystal egg, for all I know, may at the present moment be under a shelf of old, decaying, a disorganised or wrong in a paper-heap—or remarkable business of evidence. Indeed, it is partly with the idea of such a possibility that I have chosen this narrative into a form that will give it a chance of being read by the ordinary consumer of fiction.

My own ideas in the matter are gradually altered with those of Mr. Waco. I believe the crystal on the mantel in Mart and the crystal egg of Mr. Cane's to be in some physical, but to persons quite inaccessible, way on support, and we both hope further that the material crystal must have been—possibly at some remote date—was taken from that place, in order to give the Martins a new view of one object. Possibly the fallacy to the crystals in the other means or also on our globe. No theory of supernatural causes for the facts.



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Dr. Antonio J. Argente, of the University of Valencia, Spain, has been elected president of the International Association of Agricultural Librarians and Documentalists for the year 1981. He is currently director of the National Library of Valencia and has been a member of the IALD since 1964. He is also a member of the Spanish Association of Agricultural Librarians and Documentalists.

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**Table 1**

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The  
 results of the  
 study are  
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